Qu. Oh *Henry*, reuerſe the doome of gentle Suffolkes baniſh-
ment.

King. Vngentle Queene to call him gentle *Suffolke*,
Speake not for him, for in England he ſhall not reſt,
If I ſay, I may relent, but if I ſweare, it is irreuocable.
Come good *Warwicke*, and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

Exit King and Warwicke, Manet Qu. and Suffolke.

Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
There's two of you, the diuell make the third,
Fie womaniſh man, canſt thou not curſe thy enemies?

Suff. A plague vpon them, wherefore ſhould I curſe them?
Could curſes kill as do the Mandrakes grones,
I would inuent as many bitter termes,
Deliuered ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With twice ſo many ſignes of deadly hate,
As leane fac'd enuy in her loathſome caue.
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one diſtraught,
And euery ioynt ſhould ſeeme to curſe and ban,
And now me-thinkes my burthened heart would breake,
Should I not curſe them. Poiſon be their drinke,
Gall worſe then gall, the daintieſt thing they taſte.
Their ſweeteſt ſhade a groue of Cypreſſe trees.
Their ſofteſt touch as ſmart as lyzards ſtings.
Their muſicke frightfull, like the ſerpents hiſſe.
And boding ſcritch-owles make the conſort full.
All the foule terrors in darke ſeated hell.

Qu. Enough ſweete *Suffolke*, thou torments thy ſelfe.

Suff. You bad me ban, and will you bid me ceaſe?
Now by this ground that I am baniſht from,
Well could I curſe away a winters night,
And ſtanding naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let graſſe grow,
And thinke it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

Queene.

Queene. No more. Sweete S
Or liue where thou wilt with
Ile haue an Iriſh that ſhalt fin
And long thou ſhalt not ſtay,
Or venter to be baniſhed my
Oh let this kiſſe be printed in
That when thou ſeeſt it, thou
Away I ſay, that I may feele n
For it is nothing whilſt thou

Suffolke. Thus is poore *Suff*
Once by the King, but three

Enter

Queene. How now, whithe
Vaux. To ſignifie vnto his
That Cardinall *Bewford* is at p
Sometimes he raues and cries
Sometimes he cals vpon Duk
And whiſpers to his Pillow a
And ſometimes he cals to ſpe
And I am going to certifie vn
That euen now he cald aloud

Queene. Go then good *Va*

Oh what is worldly pompe, a
And woe am I for *Bewfords* he
But why mourne I for him, w
Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence
For if the King do come, thou

Suff. And if I go I cannot li
VVhat were it elſe, but like a p
Heere could I breathe my ſou
as milde and gentle as the nev
That dies with mothers dug b
VVhere from my ſight I ſhoul
and call for thee to cloſe mine
Or with thy lips to ſtop my d
That I might breathe it ſo inte